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Navy Yard
Brooklyn N.Y.

Aug 15-1917

My lovin man, Joe ——

Isn't to-day wonderously beautiful? Shouldn't mind particularly if I had to walk to Prospect Park to-day. Am wondering what you are doing to do about your light suit.

Just as soon as you left last night I went to bed and, do you know, this morning found me so lazy and aching so hard that

I stopped up last night he was gaining consciousness, slowly and not being able to do him any good, and not caring to see what I knew he would suffer. I hardly stayed. But he seems does feel fine to-day, considering. Now this afternoon I must make my round in Theo.'s ward. Already I begin to feel like a visiting sick committee.

Poor Sadie waited for three hours yesterday for the it was a Sunday morning that I was off. And just ding it — look how long I have to wait for that morning. For one thing I decided for certain — there is a cold, cold world. Least ways, I wish I were going to see you to-night —

I ran up to see Gen.'s brother to-day and found that he was resting quietly. When

rain to cease, and finally after all the waiting had to start for home with all those kiddies while it was still pouring. She sure did have her troubles. Came home 7 o'clock, soaked!

Now, my precious sweetheart, Joseph Max-Freedman, I must give you a big fat kiss and a hug and draw my letter to a close. Am only sorry there is not enough room left for me to tell you how much I love you. Yes you know you are the only precious in the world — and all mine

Lovingly Toots.